

13  
GARLAND

NEW SONGS.

CONTAINING

1. Patrick O'neal,
2. Tippy-Bob,



## PATRICK ONEAL,

YE sons of Hibernia, who snug on dry land,  
Round your sparkling turf fire with your  
whisky in hand,  
Drink *Kademill Jalerough*, nor think on the boys  
That are fighting your battles, thro' tempests and  
noise,  
Attend to a ditty—'tis true I declare,  
Such swimmings and sinkings would make you all  
stare,  
Such storms, squibs, and crackers, have whizz'd at  
my tail,  
Since the press-gang laid hold of poor Patrick O'Neal.

'Twas April the first I set off like a fool,  
From Kilkenny to Dublin, to see Lawrence Toole,  
My mother's third cousin, who erst had wrote down  
To beg I'd come see how he flourish'd in town:  
But I scarce had set foot in this terrible place  
When I met with a spalpeen who swore to my face,  
He beckon'd a press-gang, they came without fail,  
And soon, neck and heels, carried Patrick O'Neal.

Then they scamper'd away as they said with a prize,  
For they thought me a sailor run off in disguise



But horrible blunder they made with their strife,  
For I ne'er law a ship or the sea in my life:  
'Then away to a tender they bid me to steer,  
But of tenderness—devil a morsel was there;  
'Tho' I roar'd and I curs'd—oh, it did not avail,  
In the cellar they ram'd me——poor Patrick O'Neal.

Next morning from Dublin they sail'd with their  
prey,

I was half starv'd and sea sick the rest of the way;  
Not a mile stone I saw, nor a house, nor a bed,  
All was water and sky till we came to Spithead:  
Then they call'd up all hands—hands and feet for  
obey'd—

Oh, I wish'd myself home cutting turf with a spade;  
For the first sight I saw, caus'd my spirits to fail,  
'Twas a great swimming castle for Patrick O'Neal.

This terrible monster roll'd about on the tide,  
And a great row of teeth was stuck fast in her side:  
But they made me to mount, and desir'd me to keep,  
A fast hold with my trotters for fear I should trip:  
So I let go my hands to stick fast with my toes,  
But the ship gave a roll and away my head goes,  
I plump down in the water, and splash'd like a  
whale,

But with boat hooks they fil'd up poor Patrick  
O'Neal.



Then midst shouts, jests, and laughter, they hoisted  
me in.

To this huge wooden world full of riot and din,  
What strings, and what pullies, what sticks met my  
eye,

And how large were the sheets they hung out for to  
dry;

It seem'd Noah's ark fluff'd with different guests,  
Hogs, pedlars, geese, sailors, and all other beasts;  
Some drank bladders of gin, some drank pitchers of  
ale,

And they sung, curi'd and laugh'd at poor Patrick  
O'Neal.

Then a rough mouth'd rascallion on deck did ad-  
vance,

So hoarse that he whistled which made them all prance,  
Up the ropes some like monkeys run, some I declare,  
Like gibbets or rope dancers, hung in the air:

They clapp'd sticks in the capstern, as I afterwards  
found,

Where a chap sat and fised as they twisted him round,  
So the ship rais'd her anchor, spread her wings and  
set sail.

With a fright of live lumber, and Patrick O'Neal  
Then to go down below I express'd a great wish,  
where they live under water like so many fish;

I was clapp'd in a mess, with some more of the crew,  
They said it was banyan day, so gave me burgoon :  
For a bed they'd a sack — that swung high as my chin,  
They call'd it a hammock and bid me get in ;  
I laid hold ; took a jump, but my footing was frail,  
For it swung me clean over, poor Patrick O'Neal.

By some help I got in, where I rock'd all the night.  
But when day broke, my rest broke with terrible  
fright ;

Up hammocks, down chests, they roar'd out from  
each part ;

Here's a French ship in sight, up and down went my  
heart ;

To a gun I was station'd, they cried with an oath  
To pull down his breeches, unmuzzle his mouth,  
They took of the apron that cover'd his tail,  
And his leading strings gave to Patrick O'Neal.

Then our thick window shutters we pul'd up with  
speed,

And we run out our bull dogs of true British breed ;  
The captain cried England and Ireland my boys,  
When he mention'd Old Ireland my heart made  
noise ;

Then the nose of our gun did the Frenchman de-  
They clapt fire on his back and bid him let fly ;

Such a crack made me jump, tho' I held by the tail,  
But the creature lept back, knock'd down Patrick  
O'Neal.

Thus we rattled away, by my soul, hob or nob,  
Till the Frenchman gave up as he thought a bad job ;  
Then to tie him behind a large cord they did bring,  
And we led him along like a pig in a string :  
So home to Old England we dragg'd the French boy,  
Oh, the sight of the land made me sea sick with joy,  
Then they made a fresh peace, when the war grew  
too stale,  
And set all hands adrift, with poor Patrick O'Neal.

Now here on dry land a safe course I can steer,  
Nor the cat-head, or cat block, or boatswain's cat  
fear ;  
While there's shot in the locker I'll sing I'll be bound,  
And Saturday night shall last the week round :  
But should peace grow to sleepy and war call again,  
By the piper of Leinster I'll venture again ;  
Make another dry voyage, bring you home a fresh  
tale  
That you'll cry till you laugh at poor Patrick O'Neal.



## TIPPY BOB,

**M**Y name's Tippy Bob,  
With a watch in each fob  
View me round, on each side and the top;  
I'm sure I'm the thing,  
Nay I wish I may swing,  
If I an't now a nice nappy crop—  
I'm up to each rig,  
Of my hat smoke the gig,  
Like candles my locks dangle down,  
And look in my rear  
As an Ostrich I'm bare,  
But the knowingest smart in the town.  
As I walk thro' the lobby,  
The girls cry out bobby,  
Here Bobby!—my bibity bob;  
Now squeaking now bawling,  
Then pulling and hauling,  
So smirking and pleasing,  
So coaxing and teasing,  
I can't get them out of my knob.

Observe well my shape,  
And the fall of my cape,  
It's the thing its the thing, cern me a'n't it

And this bow round my neck,  
 Would at least fill a peck,  
 It may catch some old duchess too mayn't it;  
 Then under my collar,  
 I've got a large roller,  
 'Tis just like a huge German sausage,  
 And squeezed up to tght,  
 That by this good light,  
 It goes nearly to stop up the passage.  
 As I walk, &c.

My vest a foot long,  
 Nine capes in a throng,  
 My breeches — my small cloths I mean;  
 From my chest to my calf,  
 Damn the mob let them laugh  
 I dress not by them to be seen;  
 The strings at my knees,  
 Like a chevaux de frize,  
 My boots to the small of my leg,  
 My cane the nonfuch,  
 No crop can me touch,  
 For I swear I'm as home to a peg.  
 As I walk, &c.

F I N I S.

